

MUM

I always visit mum on Sundays, even though she gave my dolls' house away during the War. I bring a cake and have to shout -- she's a bit deaf but in marvelous health. Which is why I object to always making the tea. And her house is so small, cold, smelly and she pees in her knickers. Sometimes I wonder why I belong to this family, especially after my deportment lessons.

I know mum's eighty, but she could do something about the garden -- it's overgrown with mint. If I had the money I'd roast lambs (in England lamb is served with mint) for a year, and then everything would be neat again.

MRS. BUGG

Mrs. Bugg is an evil woman who lives at the other side of Sutton. Her husband was a Dunlop representative selling rackets at the wrong price. He did this to my daughter, and now my daughter lives in California. And Mrs. Bugg is left all alone with the profits, peeping out of her kitchen window at night as I sneakily drive by periodically, just to make sure she isn't doing any dirty deals, or that her husband should return and live happily ever after.

LAW

It's such a treat to visit my brother-in-law, who has a nice house and buys me gin because he knows how hard my life has been. But his wife is very ungrateful, cooking meals that are far too spicy, and expecting me to help her in the kitchen -- at the age of 45! Her children are of her strain too, riding horses and shouting outside all day while I'm trying to smoke a cigarette, amongst other things. Little do they realize that if our positions were reversed, if they were helpless widows like me, they'd all be thankfully eating cold pork pies at my place and keeping quiet.